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S I B Y L.

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N O V E L.



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THE
SIBYL.
A
NOVEL.

BY A LADY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



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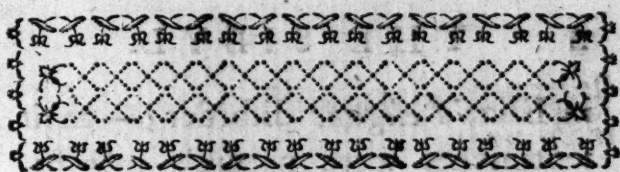
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HENRIETTA and Eliza
Fairfax having left Sir
Nicholas enjoying his
morning pipe, retired to their
own apartment, as was their usual
custom, to work or converse toge-
ther;—the fondest sisters and the
tendereſt friends :—on Henrietta's
countenance a moſt engaging ſoft-
neſs, a pleaſing ſimplicity :—on
Eliza's, beautiful wildneſs, blend-
ed with ineffable modeſty :—in the
dreſs of Henrietta *ſtudied* neatneſs,

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in Eliza's *elegant* disorder ;— their sentiments were nature's best favours, differently expressed :—Henrietta's *glided* from her soul, with studied composure ;—Eliza's rushed with careless rapidity.

Henrietta, with a contemplating air, sat turning over some drawings from which she was going to copy ; Eliza, unengaged by any thing but her own lively *ideas*, warbling out, in the sweetest notes of nature, the first air from *Love in a Village*.— Thus were they employed, when interrupted by the appearance of Betty with a countenance full of intelligence.

Betty did not allow them time for one interrogation, but began, in a low voice, with a, *Now Ladies,*

dies, *now* is your time for the finest sport in the world.—Prythee what sport? said Eliza; our sports never vary, we *rise*, we *eat*, we *drink*, we *talk*, we *sleep*; if this may be called *sporting*, we *sport* away our lives.—But, Madam, *replied she*, if you are willing to be diverted, and Miss Henrietta is not against it, I engage finding you *such* entertainment as you will not be displeased with.—What say you, sister? cried Eliza.—I say nothing, replied Henrietta, without looking from her drawings, at least till I know *how*, *when*, and *where* we are to be diverted.—Good Betty, if it is to see any strange sight, have you forgot that we never go outside the *mote*, and that *my father* never lets any body come to us.

Hear her, however, said Eliza.—

You know, Ladies, returned the girl, Sir Nicholas is always in a great passion if he finds a beggar at the door; and this morning, seeing one there, I went out to send her away; but, alas! such a miserable object my eyes never beheld.

Surely you relieved her, interrupted Henrietta, with amiable earnestness.—

Poor wretch, said Eliza, I wish you had told *us*, that *we* might have sent her something.

I should have done it, Madam, but you were at breakfast with my *master*, so I gave her a bit of broken

ken meat, and a little money from my pocket.

That was very good of you ; but what has this old woman to do with the sport you promised us.

Why so impatient, Eliza, said Henrietta ;—*What* did you give the poor woman, Betty ;—we must not pass over the afflictions of a fellow-creature lightly, my dear sister.—Here is a trifle to repay you, Betty, for your *charity* to the poor creature.

Gentle as this rebuke came from Henrietta, it made Eliza look a little grave ; for though there was but twelve months difference in their age, her tenderness for

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Miss Fairfax was blended with a kind of veneration.

Eliza's serious fit was not of long duration, it hardly lasted till her sister had done speaking, when again she began to question Betty, with that kind of eagerness which is *so natural* to a sanguine volatile temper.

Betty, far from being displeased at her young Lady's eagerness, proceeded thus to satisfy her curiosity : —After I had given the old woman what Miss Henrietta's bounty has *greatly* overpaid, she asked to see my hand, telling me, as she looked it over, *such* things as quite amazed me,—and, pardon me, Ladies, I have ventured to hide her in the next room, hoping you
would

would be prevailed on to ask her a few *questions*.

What do you call this sort of creature? said Henrietta.

A *fortune-teller*, Madam, one who will tell you what *has*, and what *will* happen to the end of your life.—Dear Betty, run and fetch her this moment, cried Eliza; her eyes sparkling, and almost breathless with pleasure.—Stay, Betty, said Miss Fairfax, my sister has not considered on the orders she gives you.—Surely, Eliza, you will not think of bringing the woman here;—you know my father is ever coming hither;—would you risk his displeasure to satisfy an idle curiosity?—

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She *must* and *shall* come, returned the sprightly Eliza: Betty may stand without the door, and I then defy my father, and all his *thousand* eyes.—Go run, Betty, this moment.—Away went Betty;—Henrietta saw that opposition was in vain, and silently consented.—

Who knows, continued Eliza, but this woman may tell us something of our cousin Fortescue;—or, *if* she is an impostor, we only divert ourselves with her ignorance.—

From this doubt of Eliza's, in regard to her being an impostor, a reflection occurs to *us*, that *superstition* is the fruit of *simplicity*, reared in retirement, and best manured under the eye of a watchful gardener,

dener, such an one as the father of these young Ladies had ever been; —At Ivy Castle it spread luxuriously, incumbered the fair bosom of Eliza, nor left Henrietta's quite free from its *insinuating* branches. —Here we are obliged to drop our metaphor at the appearance of Mrs. Betty conducting Goody Wrinkle.

At sight of the hoary *Beldame*, compared to whom the witch in Otway would appear young and blooming, Miss Fairfax shuddered, and even Eliza turned pale; yet, as she appeared the object of *real* distress, they strove to receive her with something of tenderness, which, in their *uncultivated* opinions, was due from *compassion* to the children of *affliction*, adding to

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their

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their reception a certain degree of respect, which *her appearance* was very far from commanding.

Betty having taken an outer post, the Beldame her place before the table, from which Eliza hurried away work-baskets, drawings, and other obstructive implements; the ladies were desired to seat themselves opposite, and a pack of cards, *in sable liveries*, was cautiously drawn from the pocket of their *mysterious* companion.

Profound silence reigned, whilst the *Sibyl*, with palsied fingers, ranged them in due order.—A small book of figures was next produced, and underwent some minutes examination, through a huge pair of spectacles.

Alternate

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Alternate glances, *now* on the book, *then* on the Ladies, took up near a quarter of an hour, and at last the *magician*, breaking silence, asked Miss Fairfax what *questions* she had to propose?

I have none of importance, replied she;—I only desire you to tell me what you see respecting my future expectations.

Your *situation* is critical, Madam, peering in her bashful countenance, you have *expectations* from a Gentleman abroad.—

Not I indeed.—

Ah! you forgot Fortescue, whispered Eliza, her face covered with blushes.—

Well,

Well, Madam, continued the Old Woman (not regarding what passed between the sisters) I say you *have* expectations from a Gentleman abroad, who is *young, rich, and handsome*.

Oh! sister, this is Fortescue, as I live! said Eliza;—your heart, Madam, proceeded she, still speaking to Miss Fairfax, may be yet free, but you know not how *much* of your destiny depends on the person I speak of.—Impossible, replied Henrietta;—that Gentleman is my relation;—I regard him because he is amiable;—he can never be *my* lover, if you mean any thing of *that* sort.—Lord! sister, don't be always interrupting her, said Eliza, a little peevish.

Nay,

Nay, Madam ! I do not say, he is your lover ;—but he may, if he chooses, be your husband.—

Explain yourself, Dame, cry'd Eliza, your hints are so dark that there is no understanding them.

I can perceive an *elderly man*, who *follows* this lady, and has *authority* over her ;—*he* gives the Gentleman abroad his choice of *two* ;—*she* is one of them.

But which will he choose ? interrupted Eliza, hemming, and trying at a look of indifference.

At present he inclines to the other.

Again

Again her eyes sparkled, and an air of the most enchanting good humour took possession of her features.—This *elderly man*, proceeded the *Sibyl*, is of a very particular humour,—obstinate,—peevish,—suspicious,—there are but *three* people on the whole earth that he loves; *one* of them is the gentleman abroad.

And the other two his daughters, whispered Eliza,—Heavens, sister! how exactly she describes our old Dad.

In favour of *this youth* the *elderly man* has taken a most cruel resolution.

Of what nature is this *resolution*?

He

He determines that the bulk of his fortune shall go to *that* Lady of whom his favourite makes choice.

Don't be cast down my dearest sister, whispered Eliza, if he chooses me I will not have a farthing more than my Henrietta.

Miss Fairfax sweetly smiled at this pleasing artless proof of tenderness, and turning to the *old woman* desired she would proceed to inform them of what she saw concerning Eliza.

The cards were again thrown, and the book opened to a different place, when after viewing both a considerable time, *she* cried out, what a fate is yours! Madam,—
you

you will be successful in *all* your wishes,—prosperous in *all* your undertakings; I now discover that you are sister to that Lady, pointing to Henrietta, both reserved for the Gentleman abroad,—I discover too that the *elderly gentleman* is your father,—he will assuredly give his *favourite* the choice of either.—

Ah! continued she, still fumbling over the cards, what a sad life past,—what a happy one to come!—you have lost a *near* and *dear* relation, Ladies,—she has been dead many years.—Here tears started to the eyes of Henrietta and Eliza,—the former, with a deep sigh, exclaimed, indeed we have!

You have *one* yet left, who, though you are not permitted to see her, loves you tenderly.

Looking

Looking on each other with strong tokens of astonishment,—our aunt Beaufort, whispered they.—For God's sake tell us, said Eliza, how you came by your art,—we are afraid to hear more.

Fear nothing, ladies, my art is not derived from witchcraft, I have a *genius*, but it is a *good* one, through *whom* I speak and act,—without *whose* aid I had never come hither, *whom* I will continually implore to protect you.

All Miss Fairfax's good sense did not prevent the effects of her credulity, and she felt a secret delight from *this* assurance, whilst Eliza was almost carried out of herself with pleasure,—both intreated she would come to them again, and presented

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sented her with a handsome gratuity.

Ah my good lady! said the tottering wretch, as she took money from the hand of Henrietta, you know not *how much* I stand in need of your compassion;--Eliza, hearing her speak thus, and seeing the rags with which she was cloathed, ran to her drawers, made up a small parcel of linnen, and presented it to her with the sweetest grace imaginable.

With ten thousand acknowledgements the old Beldame now took her leave, and Betty safely conducted her down the back stairs.

Sir Nicholas's bell prevented any animadversions on what had happened,

pened.—The hour was arrived which he constantly dedicated to backgammon,—his daughters knew the summons, and cheerfully attended him.

The scene now opens at the house of Lord Belmour, and discovers *Goody Wrinkle* in a magnificent bedchamber, where, having cautiously fastened the door on the inside, *she* by help of that magic, which has been sufficiently evinced, from a withered *old hag*, became as fine a *young fellow* as perhaps is this day to be met in the *purlieus* of St. James's.

Sir Stafford Dudley felt regret at quitting a disguise to which he owed the happiest moments of his life, and having laid his *rags* in as
safe

safe a trunk as if they had been the most valuable *gems*, he sat himself down to contemplate on the next *dear* occasion he should have for *their* service.

No *hermit* on his mossy couch ever enjoyed a sweeter reverie than did our enraptured lover on this pleasing occasion.

Notwithstanding we think *soliloquies* in general exceedingly stupid, yet unable to find a readier way to inform our *reader* of his sentiments, we shall venture to set them forth in one of no *very* extraordinary length.

Dudley, happy Dudley!—Henrietta, the beautiful Henrietta, has a heart to give thee,—she has *seen*,
she

she has been *bred up* with thy accomplished friend,—she *knows* his merit, she *knows* his perfections,—yet can *think*, can *speak* of him without emotion,—she loves not Fortescue, but as *I* myself love him,—as a *friend*,—as a *brother*. She told me *this*,—with her own harmonious voice she declared my happiness.

It seems by this rhapsody, which for brevity's sake we have curtailed of several sentences, that Sir Stafford Dudley had a personal *knowledge* and great *esteem* for Mr. Fortescue, which as a *privileged writer* I shall here endeavour to account for.

Lady Jane Beaufort, half sister to Sir Nicholas Fairfax, was the very *identical* friend hinted at by
Goody

Goody Wrinkle, and also the *genius* by whom she declared herself governed and directed,—in fact, this was nothing more than the *strict* truth; it had ever been the wish of that amiable woman to see Sir Stafford Dudley united with one of her *neices*, for whom she cherished a fondness truly maternal, which all their father's unkindness, and a long separation from them, had not in the least obliterated.

When Sir Stafford went abroad to travel, she gave him letters to Mr. Fortescue, then at *Paris*, and the strictest intimacy subsisted between them, 'till interrupted by an accident, which we are not here at leisure to relate.

During

During their friendly intercourse, Fortescue often mentioned to Sir Stafford the Ladies at *Ivy Castle*, regretting their confinement, which he called *cruel imprisonment*, and their father no other than a *goaler*.

This young gentleman was left an orphan in his infancy, which made Sir Nicholas take him home; a fortunate circumstance for his daughters, who under those masters that came to instruct him, acquired many accomplishments, in which they would have otherwise been deficient.

The noble *fortune* left him by his parents, joined to a most sensible *mind*, engaging *person*, and sweet *disposition*, endeared him to Sir Nicholas in a manner so extraordinary,

dinary, that, though remarkably severe to his *own* children, yet to Mr. Fortescue he was ever the indulgent parent.

Notwithstanding *this preference*, to see Henrietta and Eliza denied the common advantages of education,—*to see* them shut out from society, hurt *his* generous soul, and hindered him from feeling half that gratitude for Sir Nicholas which the treatment *he* experienced would have otherwise demanded.

Mr. Fortescue felt for his *cousins* the tenderest affection; he would frequently lament their unhappy situation to Sir Stafford Dudley, and spoke of them in such terms, as made his *friend* determine to see them, if ever he returned to England.

By

By often conversing of the lovely sisters, Sir Stafford discovered that Mr. Fortescue had a tender partiality for Eliza, and used frequently, in a jesting manner, to solicit his interest with Henrietta.

Having finished his travels, he arrived in a part of this kingdom, not far distant from Ivy Castle, where, after a thousand attempts to see the *pretty captives*, he at length succeeded, and, though he had but a momentary glance of their *persons*, yet he left his whole soul in the possession of Henrietta.

Finding the fatal effects of his curiosity, he went to the seat of Lady Jane Beaufort, to consult with her Ladyship, if there was a

possibility of succeeding, in case he avowed his passion; she told him positively, *No!* unless he was of an enterprising *genius*, and would endeavour to gain his *mistress* by stratagem.—

I love my *nieces*, said she, for their *own* sakes; for the sake of my *dear, dear* Lady Fairfax! I have not seen them since *her* death; it is now almost eleven years ago that I embraced them;—a thousand times have I wept over their deplorable situation;—you know not, Sir Stafford, the *unaccountable* humour of their father.—She then told him Sir Nicholas's determination to give the largest share of his *fortune*, and a choice of his *daughters*, to Mr. Fortescue.

Lady

Lady Jane would have joined in any *scheme* that Sir Stafford could propose, to bring about this much wished-for alliance, but could not *openly* appear in his favour, on account of the animosity that for many years had subsisted between her and Sir Nicholas.

Having the firmest reliance on the *principles* and *honour* of Sir Stafford Dudley, joined to the utmost impatience to release Henrietta and Eliza from thralldom, her *Ladyship* consented to assist him in whatever manner he should propose. In consequence of this obliging disposition, Belmour House, in the neighbourhood of the Castle, and at that time vacant, was by Lady Jane borrowed of its Lord for the use of Sir Stafford, where he in-

tended to wait the success of an exploit, the beginning of *which* has been already related.

Another instance, in which her Ladyship assisted him, was, by a letter to *Betty*, whom she had formerly recommended to Lady Fairfax, and of whose fidelity she was *assured*,—commanding her, by every means she could devise, to aid Sir Stafford's addresses with her young Lady, and *implicitly* to follow his directions.--Charged with this mandate, he took leave of his *kind friend*, followed by her warmest wishes;—and *now*, discerning reader, we suppose you will have no difficulty in discovering how Goody Wrinkle came to Ivy Castle.

Whilst

Whilst Sir Stafford Dudley sat ruminating in his chamber, Eliza's benefaction occurred to his memory, he went to the repository of his *rags*, he took the *dear* bundle thence; for, though not the gift of Henrietta, yet, being a trophy of his first step to victory, it was *dear* to him.—As he opened this *sacred* relique, and spread the contents on the table, he could not resist an impulse to indulge that kind of mirth which agitates the whole human frame.—His servant hearing some one laughing immoderately, ran to Sir Stafford's chamber, not knowing his master was in the house.

Our *lover* was confounded to be thus surprized.—What would the *fellow* suspect, from seeing such a

multiplicity of caps, ruffles and handkerchiefs lying before him? To prevent his forming *conjectures* about the matter, he pretended to have found them, tied up together, in his walk that morning, then bid his servant put them away till he could hear of an owner for them.— George was going to obey; but as he had no intention to part with the dear pledges, he seemed to consider a moment, and then told him to lay them in his cabinet; for who knows, said he, but I may get the good graces of some *pretty damsel* by restoring them.— George made no reply, he only smiled at his master's conceit, and, after doing as he was ordered, took himself out of the room.

Sir

Sir Stafford now sat down to his desk, with an intention to give Lady Jane Beaufort an account of his proceedings. Whilst he was thus employed, we shall drop the curtain at Belmour House, and draw it *again* at Ivy Castle.

The scene is still a *bed-chamber*, —the *dramatis personæ*, Henrietta and Eliza.

Having passed an irksome day, without a *moment's* opportunity of conversing freely together, when Sir Nicholas retired to rest, and they to their apartment.—The little heart of Eliza beat with transport, and that of Miss Fairfax felt unusual satisfaction.

My dear sister, *said the former*, how have I longed for this moment that I might repose in your kind bosom a world of joy, which my own cannot contain.

I have not been less impatient, *replied Henrietta*, for though the old woman told *me* no particular good fortune, the pleasure I received in knowing *you* was to be successful in your *wishes* and prosperous in your *undertakings*, wanted to reveal itself; indeed, my beloved Eliza, I wish nothing more than to see *you* happy.

Then you *wish* me to be united to my *cousin Charles*,—*say you do*, my dear, dear sister.

Say I do, yes, Eliza, embracing her, if I had a thousand dear expectations,

pectations for *myself*, I would renounce them all to see you happy.

Eliza's soul was capable of as exquisitely tender feelings as *that* of Henrietta,—she threw her arms about the delicate neck of her *sister*, and cried out in a passion of tears, through which her pleased eye shone out with greater lustre, you have distressed me,—joyfully distressed me,—you *really* would not be *displeased*, you would not be *angry*, if I should be the choice of, if I *should* marry our amiable Fortescue, — shall I tell you what your Eliza once feared? and she hung down her blushing face.

Speak my best sister, *if* you conceal *one* thought, you do *not* love me,—what fears my Eliza?

Indeed my dear Henrietta I have now *no* fears,—yet I confess as my *cousin* Charles is *so* kind, *so* tender, *so* good in every respect, *so* much like *you*, I did *once* fear you might *like*, you might *wish* to *marry* him yourself,—I do not know why, but *this* thought disturbed me,—I was uneasy,—I was peevish,—I could not sleep,—I could not avoid thinking of you *both* continually,—I could never *separate* you,—what is *most* strange I *really* wished he might not come back to the *castle*, but *now* I would give the world to hear he was on his journey hither, tell me, my *dear sister*, from what cause all this disorder, and all these contradictions have proceeded..

Alas! Eliza, said Miss Fairfax, after considering a moment, I am quite

quite unacquainted with the emotions you speak of, nor can I *account* for them,—I am convinced it was not because you did not *love*, and *wish* me happy, that you was afraid I should look partially on our *cousin*, I rather fancy it was a kind of apprehension that I might possibly *love* him better than I did my Eliza, but had *he* been an angel, *you* would have stood first in my affections.

It would be difficult to discover from this short conversation, whether *credulity* or *simplicity* was most predominant in the innocent minds of our *heroines*, but before we are accused of holding up an *unnatural* picture, let our *reader* cast his eye on the *beau monde*,—if it is *there* so much the *mode* to follow and be-

lieve in creatures, such as *Goody Wrinkle*, how much less should we be surprized at the credulity of two *young girls*, secluded their *whole lives* from the world, *quite* unacquainted with its *customs*, having only nature to instruct them.

Again, some of our *readers* experienced in that tormenting passion so simply described by Eliza, may cry out, Is it possible she could be devoured by *jealousy*, yet unacquainted with its name, or that Henrietta should be equally ignorant, and not able to inform her?

We answer in the affirmative.

Nature had given them all her *passions*, but it was the task of *education* to tell them what she meant
by

by that gift, an advantage *they* had never partaken, whilst such *books* as might have enlightened them, *they* had been denied the use of,—this we think a sufficient apology to any of our *readers*, who are not the most *unreasonable* of *reasonable* creatures.

After talking *over* and *over* every syllable of *Goody Wrinkle's* predictions, tenderly remembering their *aunt Beaufort*, and saying a thousand things in favour of their *cousin Charles*, sleep interposing silenced the innocent praters, and fast bound them in the arms of each other;—doubtless the *guardian* spirit of *Lady Fairfax* hovered round them,—no tumultuous *ideas* distracted *their* guileless bosoms,—their *souls* were pure, their *dreams* chaste, their *repose* tranquil.

If

If any inquisitive observer should ask, by *what* means Henrietta and Eliza were instructed in the *sacred* mysteries of religion, or whether *they* were instructed in them at all? thus we answer,—a very excellent *mother* laid the first foundation, *on which*, a plain worthy *divine*, chaplain to Sir Nicholas, had raised a structure infinitely solid, adorning it with pictures of *purity* in her most lovely form, and enriching it with *explanations* of sacred writings; yet was this *good man* almost as great a stranger to the world, and its thousand fantastic modes, as his fair pupils; the very distinguishing quality that had gained him Sir Nicholas's protection, who would much rather have seen his children *heathens*, than trust a person to inform them,—of whose knowledge
in

in *worldly* matters he could entertain the least suspicion.

Notwithstanding this ignorance in common affairs, Dr. Bentley was gifted with *sound* judgment, *great* learning, and *natural* eloquence,—Sir Nicholas thought him an useful man in his family, and for that *reason* treated him with respect,—the young ladies found their minds illuminated by the light of *his* knowledge, and *tenderly* revered him,—Mr. Fortescue saw in him the *scholar*, and the *christian*, he loved him as a *friend*, revered him as a *father*, nor would go on his travels, 'till the good *Doctor* consented to accompany him.

They had been now absent three years, and were about this time expected impatiently at the castle.

Henrietta and Eliza in their absence had almost mistaken years for ages, though each for a cause not altogether similar,—Miss Fairfax regretted *that* the *castle chapel* was unattended, *that* they had no opportunity of joining in public acts of devotion, *that* they had lost the edifying conversation of Dr. Bentley; Eliza, though she *loved* him extremely well, *loved* her *cousin* better, and missed his *lively* sallies, *pretty* stories, and tender endearments, much more than the Doctor's *grave* instructions, or *pious* admonitions.

The last place in which we left them, was in the arms of Morpheus, from whose embrace they started at the voice of their *father*,
just

just as the clock had pronounced eight.

Are you asleep girls?—come, come, get up (striking his fist against the door)—get up I say!—*good news,—good news,*—and away he went, leaving his daughters astonished at the pleasing tone, in which he summoned them from their pillow.

Full of curiosity to know what *good news* had occasioned a salutation so unusual, they hurried on their cloaths with more than their accustomed negligence, particularly Eliza, who experienced a certain heartfelt conjecture, that made her think every *moment* an *age*, 'till she could have it realized,—nothing less than *news* from her *cousin* she reasonably

reasonably supposed would have had such a strange effect on the surly humour of Sir Nicholas.

Expeditionously as *they* dispatched the business of dress, it was not quite over, when another summons from the impatient *baronet* demanded their immediate attendance.

Down tripped the lovely Eliza, followed by the more sedate, but equally blooming Henrietta.

Come hither girls! as they entered hand in hand, like two suns shining in one sphere, Come hither, and thank me for the *good news*. I have to tell you.

We

We are thankful *Sir* for *all* your favours ; what *new* one are we to expect ?

All my favours, muttered the *con-*
scious parent, I hope *bussey* you
mean no reflection on *your father*.

Pardon me, my dear *Sir*, I never
meant to offend you, indeed, I
meant only to speak my *sincere* ac-
knowledgements.

Very well, very well, returned
he, clearing up his angry counte-
nance, if you are *really* obliged to
me, I expect you will be grateful ;
—and you too, my little dapper
one (to *Eliza*,) will you be duti-
ful to your *father* ?

They

They both court'ied; Eliza replied for her sister, that if he would please to let them know his commands, he might be assured of their obedience.—

Od'sheart, why this is now as it should be, — sit down, girls, sit down; — I expect your *cousin* Charles and the *Doctor* to-morrow.—

To-morrow! exclaimed Eliza, with a transported accent; to-morrow! did you say, my *dear*, *dear* pappa,

Hey-day, replied he, (frowning,) why all this *joy*? I don't know *yet* that his coming may be any thing to *you*.

So

So ungentle a reprimand brought tears to her eyes, and obliged her to conceal the emotions of *pleasure* and *surprize* in her own beating bosom.

And what say you, Mrs. Prim, to Henrietta ; what say you to the return of Charles ?

I should be very glad, Sir, with a modest diffidence, to see my *cousin* and Dr. Bentley.—

Not *quite* so sanguine as your sister, I perceive, (smiling sarcastically ;) pray where did she gain all this stubble, which blazes up at the mention of a pretty fellow. —By St. Jago, one would think, instead of keeping her out of *harm's* way for eighteen years, I had sent her

her among the *foolish world* in a back-string.—

Neither Miss Fairfax nor her sister rightly understood the meaning of Sir Nicholas; but as his *countenance* expressed enough to inform them it was not in their *favour*, they made *no* answer, so that his ill-nature wanting the *food* of opposition, very soon subsided.

Well, Henrietta, said he, in a softened tone, you tell me you shall be glad to see Fortescue; my little Eliza here, I'm sure, would give him a kind welcome;—What say you, girls?—

Both expressed themselves as their *hearts* dictated, tho' Eliza's, fearful of another rebuke, now concealed

concealed part of its immoderate transports.—

Children, said the old gentleman, you shall hear what I *propose*, and I expect you will obey my commands in *every* particular, or from *this* hour I will disown you.— Their replies were full of obedience, and he proceeded.

My nephew Charles is a *worthy* young man, — he has a fortune which makes him a fit husband for a daughter of *mine*, and a daughter of *mine* he *shall* have ;—Look up, girls, and *remember* what I command *you*, try *both* of *you*, to make yourselves pleasing in his eye ;—try to gain his affections ; for though he cannot marry you *both*, you shall *both* have a chance ; it
must

must depend on your *cousin*, to which the good fortune shall happen! but again, I charge you try equally to please him, for, should he go out of *my* family for a *wife*, I shall be very angry, and think it your own faults.—If he likes you, Henrietta, he shall have my joyful consent; but if he should like Eliza better, it is the same thing to me; choose which of you he will, I shall be pleased.

The ladies looked on each other, as much as to say, Observe how the words of Goody Wrinkle are come to pass.

Henrietta, who knew the state of Eliza's heart, ventured to desire Sir Nicholas would wave his intentions in *her* favour, and give
Mr.

Mr. Fortescue to her sister;—her intreaties were in vain; yet she silently resolved, if Mr. Fortescue should happen to like her the best, rather to *disobey* her father, than rob Eliza of a person she so dearly loved.

After telling them all that he expected from their obedience, Sir Nicholas led them to an apartment which they had never before been permitted to enter.

This was the *wardrobe* of his late lady, to which he had added, on the present occasion, a profusion of *rich* silks, and *splendid* jewels.

After exposing these treasures to their astonished sight, he put the keys into their possession, bidding

them be sure to choose a handsome dress each, to receive his *nephew*, and then left them together.

No sooner were they alone, than Eliza gave a loose to her joy, in which Henrietta joined with great warmth, assuring her, notwithstanding their father's resolution to let Fortescue choose which of them he pleased, he should have none but her dear Eliza.

She returned an answer full of affection, then displaying several pieces of silk on a table, she consulted with Miss Fairfax, on the colour, which would be most advantageous to her complexion, the first time she ever bestowed five minutes consideration on her *person* or dress.

Having

Having fixed their important choice, they were going to ring for Betty, who was their *mantua-maker, millener, &c.* when hearing their father below roaring for his breakfast, they hastily descended to the parlour, but returned to their employment as soon as Sir Nicholas had called for his *pipe* and *taper*.

In passing through the *picture gallery*, a singular thought struck Eliza, occasioned by a very pretty fancy-piece that took her view, just as she was about giving Betty directions for making up her silk,—what *this* thought was, will appear with greater propriety at another part of our history.

When Henrietta and Eliza went down to play at *back gammon*, a

custom we have mentioned on a late occasion, they found their father in so good a humour, that he said, he would indulge them with a collation in the *octagon temple* that afternoon, and accordingly the servants were ordered to get every thing ready for their reception.

It may not here be amiss to inform our *readers*, that Betty, who on the account of Lady Jane Beaufort, was attentive to the interest of Sir Stafford Dudley, found an opportunity, whilst the family were at dinner, to inform that gentleman of the intended excursion to the *octagon temple*.

This temple was built on a rising ground, whose green sides were beautifully planted with shrubs and
flowers,

flowers, and stood in the midst of an extensive park.

On this sweet eminence Sir Nicholas regaled his children once every summer,—that *once* was already past, and *this* repetition was a favour little expected;—in their last visit to that place, it happened that Sir Stafford Dudley got a glance of Miss Fairfax, which devoted him her captive.

Every thing conspired to render this *second* scheme delightful,—*never* was the weather more remarkably clear, Sir Nicholas's humour *never* better harmonized, the spirits of Henrietta and Eliza *never* more sweetly tuned.

About four in the afternoon, this little party ascended the *temple* where they enjoyed a repast of cooling *fruits*, *sweetmeats*, and *jellies*, which the old gentleman washed down with a glass or two of *Madeira*, for amongst his other failings an immoderate love of wine could find no place.

Notwithstanding he drank so small a quantity, the extreme heat of the weather soon began to make it operate, and inclined him to take a nap in his chair, which promised to be of no short duration.

Betty, who attended her ladies thither, easily prevailed on them to seize so favourable an opportunity to enjoy the fineness of the evening.

Arm

Arm in arm they strolled down the *avenue*, whose thick planted sides afforded an agreeable shade, whilst the rushing *cascade*, in which it terminated, invited them to its *very* brink with syren attraction.

Here it was that Eliza again received the protestations of Henrietta, never to marry Fortescue, though her father should command it ever so obstinately,—here it was that Eliza made the fondest returns of gratitude and affection,—*here* too on this very spot did they embrace and vow never to conceal a thought from each other.

A profound *sigh* that seemed to issue from the stream, *now* bespoke their attention,—*both* started at the sight that presented itself,—*both*

gave a faint *cry*,—*both* turned as if they would have ran from it,—Ah, said Henrietta! my dear sister *stop* one moment,—do not let us fly so precipitately,—the man you see yonder may have occasion for our services, perhaps he belongs to the world,—perhaps he has suffered from its cruelty,—my father has often told us how *very cruel, base, and designing* it is.—Come Eliza, let us turn back,—methinks I have lost the silly fear which would have forced me hence,—let us go and see if we can assist the stranger.

Eliza did as she desired, and back they went together, though it must be owned not quite free from disagreeable apprehensions.

Their

Their trembling abated on approaching the object that alarmed them, and finding him in a deep sleep on the margin of the stream, Miss Fairfax said, looking on him with attentive softness, poor youth! *repose* has lulled him in *her* bosom,—no doubt he has a thousand fears and cares to torment him, of which we are happily ignorant, or why did he sigh?—Dr. Bentley tells us the *soul* never sleeps,—the soul of this man I am sure is particularly restless,—I am of your opinion replied Eliza, with a more *indifferent* though not less *compassionate* air, yet my dear sister since we can afford him no assistance, let us be gone,—I would not for the world have my father awake, and find us missing.

Why in such haste! said Henrietta sighing, sure if he should *awake* he would not *kill* us for straying from his side a few *short* moments.

I do not say he would *kill* us, returned Eliza, but I fear he might not be in so good a humour to-morrow as I could *wish* him, and if he *should* make me cry when I am to see my cousin Charles, positively I shall be quite odious.

Well, one instant then, said Miss Fairfax, and I *will* go,—again she dropped an involuntary sigh.

At this moment Phæbus sent one of his brightest rays to illustrate a ring on the finger of him that slept, whose hand lay carelessly extended on the grass.

Henrietta

Henrietta stooped down to examine this pretty bauble, but gazed with less admiration on the sparkling gems, than on a small miniature, which they surrounded.

One glance on the picture, one on the owner of it, convinced her for whom it was designed, and from that moment she would have given the world to have been its possessor.

Eliza not without *her* share of *curiosity*, or *penetration*, looked at it in her turn, and made the same discovery,—what a likeness is here, exclaimed she,—oh! that I could have so pretty a representative of my *cousin* Charles.

Perhaps *you* may some day or other, said Miss Fairfax,—but it is an ornament *I* can never hope for,—yet I protest such a one as this I would purchase at almost any expence, I think I have not a trinket in my possession, which I would not freely give for this *sweet* picture.

Suppose, seeing her sister's fancy for the ring, we steal it from his finger, said Eliza;—you see it is slack, and I'll answer for doing it without disturbing him.

Henrietta blushed and replied, Not for the world, my dear;—what would our good Dr. Bentley, what would our own *consciences*, say, to such a crime as that.

Well,

Well, then, returned Eliza, examine your pockets,—what money have you there?

Twenty pounds, answered Henrietta.

And I have near the same sum in mine, continued Eliza.—

But what then, sister? surely you would not 'wake the man, and offer to *buy* his ring.

No, no, but I will slip *our* money into his pocket, and take away *his* ring, that can be no robbery, nor can *he* ever discover who has made the exchange.

This expedient reconciled the inclination and conscience of Henrietta;

62 THE SIBYL.

rietta; she became mistress of what she desired, and they returned to the *Temple* before Sir Nicholas had shaken off his drowsy fit.

Having no further business with this family, at least for the present, if, gentle reader, thou art content to follow us, *at an unseasonable hour, to the beau monde*, we will convey thee, swift as a lover's wishes, to a lover's habitation.

Every clock in the neighbourhood of Ivy Castle had struck six, and those in Belmour House, were also giving notice of time's swift progress, when a gentle tap at Sir Stafford Dudley's closet-door, interrupted a reverie, which he had left his bed to indulge.

Bidding

Bidding the person, who knocked, come in, he bounded with pleasure and surprize, to find this early visitor no other than his faithful agent Betty.

What news, my good creature, cried he;—how succeeded our last project?—is my Henrietta well?—does she bestow one sigh on Dudley?—shall I see her soon?—Oh! tell me,—I cannot bear suspense,—I doat on her to distraction.

Ah! Sir, said Betty.

My God! why that note of woe? exclaimed Sir Stafford.—Woe, returned she, no, no, Sir, I am not the messenger of *woeful* tidings, every thing has answered to your *best* wishes;—I managed with Sir
Nicholas

Nicholas as you ordered,—prevailed on my Ladies as *you desired*,—and the consequences were such as *I expected*.—

Proceed, cried he, catching her in his arms,—proceed, my better angel,—you cannot judge of my impatience.—Well, *Sir*, thus it is ;—having administred the dose which was to procure my master his drowfy fit, I had no great difficulty in persuading my young Ladies to leave him, and take a walk down the avenue, where I knew *you* expected them ;—*what* happened there, *Sir*, *you* are better acquainted with than *I am* ;—however, the Ladies returned highly pleased, and last night Miss Henrietta ordered me to be with *Goody Wrinkle* before any of our family were

were stirring, to bid her attend at the *Castle* about five in the evening, when she hopes her father will be engaged with Mr. Fortescue and Dr. Bentley; so you see, Sir, continued she, smiling, the reason of my coming to you at so unseasonable an hour.

Sir Stafford's extasy was now completed; he assured Betty of his punctuality, and dismissed her with a munificent present, which she accepted with gratitude.

Betty had as good a *head*, and perhaps a better *heart*, than any chambermaid in Great Britain:—She was attached to Lady Jane Beaufort from strong motives of gratitude, and loved her young mistresses as if they had been her sisters,

sisters, without ever transgressing those bounds of respect due from the most humble attendant :—She had entered warmly into the interest of Sir Stafford, and, as may be perceived in her conversation with that gentleman, was the instrument of Henrietta's finding him in the manner we have already described.

The reason why Sir Stafford forbore to mention the particulars of his affected sleep, or the adventure of his ring, proceeded not from a want of confidence in Betty, but fear of betraying a secret, which he found, by her own account, Henrietta had thought proper to conceal.

Never

Never was passion wound up to so high a key as Sir Stafford's; the innocent symptoms of *regard*, the sweet expressions of *pity*, which he had witnessed in the park scene; the ingenious stratagem of taking his ring, purposely laid as a bait for Miss Fairfax; all these little incidents lighted up such a fund of joy in his bosom, as would scarce admit of increase.

What increase it was *capable* of receiving, he found in the expectation of embracing a dear friend, *still* tenderly beloved, notwithstanding an unfortunate coolness had thrown a shade over their former intimacy: nothing could be more *ardent*, nothing more *sincere* than his wishes to embrace Mr. Fortescue;—again, the near prospect
of

of once more beholding his charming Henrietta, helped to compleat his transports.

To the important evening of this interview, we will, *with our reader's permission*, make a long step, trampling over the intervening hours, till we have brought *Goody Wrinkle* once more, with a tottering pace, up the back stairs, and safe to a private apartment in Ivy Castle.

Miss Fairfax did not suffer her to wait, in painful expectation, a hint from Betty, sent her to the room where she had ordered the *Sibyl* to be conveyed.—She went alone, for Eliza was still at her *toilet*, and all the way experienced a thousand perturbations.

Sir

Sir Stafford Dudley almost forgot his *assumed* character, when he saw her enter more beautiful than he had ever *yet* beheld her; for tho' it was not with her *own* inclinations, but in obedience to the *commands* of Sir Nicholas, she was very splendidly dressed to receive her *cousin*.

Sir Stafford sighed as she approached him, but, remembering the importance of his office, he thus accosted her :

Daughter, may *that* heaven protect thee, of which thou art a *lovely* and *fair* production ;—command me !—say what I shall inform thee of.—I am thy *servant*,—I came *hither* to obey thee.

Hen-

Henrietta hung down her head, and a beautiful blush crimsoned over her cheeks.

He observed her disorder;—his soul thrilled with transport;—he said, in a hesitating voice, Spare your confusion, Madam,—I knew *all* before I saw you,—I was with you in the *park* yesterday;—I was there witness of a transaction that disturbs you.—Her consternation increased, she was visibly agitated, and asked, in a voice hardly articulate, At what hour she saw her in the Park?

He told her the very time;—he told her every particular of the ring.—Her countenance changed to a deadly pale;—she trembled;—
she



she could not stand;—she sunk down on a chair, almost lifeless.

Sir Stafford found he had been too precipitate; but it was now no time to retract, and, sitting down by her side, he thus addressed her:

That art, my honoured young Lady, by which I discovered the little incident that distresses you, shall, on *every* occasion, be employed for *your* happiness:—the person from whom you took the *ring*, by *my* instigation, shall love you even to madness.—All I ask, continued he, and *that* indeed I must know before I can proceed;—do you hate the youth from whom you took it?

Oh!

Oh! no, whispered she, in a sweet bashful accent, I love him even better than my *cousin*:—methinks, had he never awoke, I would have desired no other office than to have watched his slumbers.—I see 'tis in vain, pursued she, to attempt at hiding any thing from *you*.—Here is the *ring*, (drawing it from her snowy bosom, to which it was fastened by a ribbon,) take it, *good woman*, and, by your magic, convey it to the proper owner; but don't, ah! don't *betray* me;—I die with shame if you *betray* me.—I will die since I cannot see him any more; but he shall *not*, no never shall he know *I love him*.

What became of Sir Stafford at this inundation of tenderness!—it overwhelmed his whole soul,—it
forced

forced a passage from his eyes,—tears of joy drove each other down his cheeks,—he tried to conceal them by applying a handkerchief to his nose, and then replied—

Put up your *ring*, madam,—I have already consulted the fates on this subject,—you may keep it with impunity,—nay 'tis decreed that you *must* keep it,—that you *shall* one day repay the owner with a *jewel* not to be estimated.

Since *you* command me, I will put it up, said the pleased Henrietta, and you shall have the very *best* jewel I possess to carry with *you*, but I beseech you as you value my peace, not to say on any consideration from whom it comes.

He smiled at her simplicity, and told her some other time he would put her in mind of her promise, at present the opportunity was by no means favourable.

Whilst the *magician* and Miss Fairfax were thus closetted together,—Eliza entered with more joy in her *eyes* than half the world would make you believe they carry in their *hearts* ;—her dress, we shall here take an opportunity of describing ; it was copied from that *fancy-piece* in the *picture-gallery*, which we have once before mentioned.

How Eliza came by a turn so whimsically romantic, must be accounted for with her other imperfections, *viz.* want of knowing *common* life, and *common* manners.

Her

Her shape, which was *delicacy itself*, exactly formed by the nice hand of *proportion*, was covered with a tight robe of pale blue, so justly matched to the colour of her eyes, that one might have been apt to think them both pilfered from the serene sky of a summer's evening,—her slender waist was bound with a broad girdle of the same colour, only instead of being plain, like her robe, it was enriched with diamonds of considerable value,—from her shoulder, fastened on the top by a cluster of the same gems, was suspended a kind of *loose train*, which fell some inches on the ground, so finely transparent, that it seemed the business of every Zephyr to blow it wantonly in the air,—her delicate *arms* were bare to the elbow,—her long fair hair,

that reached below her waist was tied behind, and intermingled with jewels, fell carelessly on her right shoulder, and spread itself on her lovely bosom, serving as a thin veil to make its delicate whiteness more conspicuous.

Sir Stafford soon reconnoitred the features of his Henrietta's sister in this young beauty, whose romantic *habit* struck him with astonishment, but far inferior to what he felt from the dazzling charms of her person :—a heathen votary of *Venus* would have fallen down and worshipped her for that goddess, and his mistake might have been forgiven, even by the *deity* herself.

Had not the gentle, tender Henrietta got a secure hold on the heart of her lover, it is not at all improbable

bable but the *lively, lovely* Eliza might have pushed her *by*, and taken the place herself *en passant*.

Hardly had the wonder-strucken *Sibyl* glanced his eye over Eliza, when Sir Nicholas's voice resounded through the *castle*, and put them all into the most terrible panic.

Goody Wrinkle did not wait for a conductor, but slipped down the *friendly stairs* with rather more agility than was altogether consistent with her apparent *great* age and infirmities, yet with all her haste she had scarce reached the bottom, when Sir Nicholas with a countenance as red as an harvest *moon*, entered his daughter's chamber.

Ods-life! bawled he out, where are you *busseys*? here have been the *doctor* and your *cousin* below, the *lord* knows *how* long,—what have you been all this time putting on your trinkums?—by St. Jago! whilst you are setting your traps the *bird* may fly,—come along Henrietta, not giving them time to answer,—*you* are the eldest,—*you* shall go first,—I won't confound Charles in his choice by shewing you together.

Henrietta looked a petition for Eliza to go down with her, but those significant intreaties were totally disregarded,—not daring to oppose with *words*, she gave her passive hand to Sir Nicholas, who said to Eliza as he went out, stay
you

you here girl, it will be your turn next.

Poor Eliza was no sooner left alone than throwing herself back in a chair, her whole frame felt an universal tremor,—*a thousand hopes, a thousand fears, a thousand wishes, a thousand expectations* assailed her, in which *trembling, hoping, fearing, wishing* situation we must leave her, and follow Sir Nicholas with his *other fair charge* to a certain room, where Dr. Bentley and his graceful *pupil* waited to receive them.

Miss Fairfax paid the *doctor* her *first* respects, and that with great *reverence and sweetness*, whilst the good *doctor* embraced her affectionately, God bless you my dear young lady, said he, my old eyes

overflow with pleasure at seeing you *once more*.

How does my charming *cousin*? said Mr. Fortescue, saluting her, oh Henrietta! how happy shall I be to enjoy again your and our sweet Eliza's unrestrained conversation.

Why! what say you girl, interrupted Sir Nicholas, what do you mean by this *silence*, surely you have a welcome for your old friend the *Doctor*, and my Charles here!

Pardon me sir, replied Miss Fairfax, I was going to speak; I was going to tell the good *Doctor* and my dear *cousin* Fortescue that I had never known *such* joy as their return affords me, but, pointing to
the

the *Doctor*, who was turned from them to indulge a few drops of tenderness, which the sight of his favourite child inspired, but indeed the kind tears of *that gentleman* has ran away with my expressions.

Ho, ho, have they so, replied Sir Nicholas,—I'll fetch down Eliza, I warrant she'll find a more ready answer for her *cousin*.—By St. Jago, Charles! you sha'n't be flounced by these girls, *I can tell you that*,—Eliza won't receive you so ungraciously,—if she does!—and away he went, nor did Mr. Fortescue offer to detain him, already had he sacrificed enough to his fond impatience of beholding the adored object of his wishes.

Before it might be conceived, that Sir Nicholas had reached Eliza's room, he came back leading the fluttered, agitated *beauty*.

Mr. Fortescue bounded to the door, nor had Dr. Bentley her *first* congratulations.

Fast locked in the exulting arms of her *lover*, she gave a loose to the innocent tumults of her joy, and cried out, O my *dear, dear* cousin, are you returned *once* more,—do I see you *once* again,—never must you leave us more,—indeed you must not!

Fortescue's extacy was *too* great for words, he could only press the artless charmer to his bosom, gaze with delighted transport, and sigh
out

out oh, Eliza, my kind ! my lovely Eliza !

By St. Jago ! by St. Jago ! cried the old baronet, rubbing his hands and capering about the room, I thought as *much*,—I thought *how* it would be,—he *shall* have her, by my soul he *shall* have her, he *shall* as I hope for mercy.

The *lovers* were wrapt up *so much* in each other, that they heard nothing of these exclamations, which *if they had*, would no doubt have added to their felicity.

Dr. Bentley now approached Eliza, and Mr. Fortescue reluctantly resigned her to *him*.

When she received the blessing and embrace of this *good man*, she
 E 6 welcomed

welcomed him with such smiling gracefulness, that Fortescue, who watched her every motion, as if it was the *last* look he should ever *have*, cried out, his countenance, while he spoke, beaming *love* and *admiration*, Was ever form so lovely ! was ever soul so angelic !

Some of my female *readers* may suppose Henrietta drooping under those praises given to a *younger* sister ; *but* how would they have *wondered*, how would they have been *surprized*, to see her fine face receive an additional smile from every word, which *perhaps*, in *their* opinion, would be more likely to stamp a frown.—Envy had never wound her thousand snakes about the heart of Miss Fairfax ; and, if any person felt greater pleasure at

Eliza's

Eliza's conquest than Eliza herself, that *person* was Henrietta.

Sir Nicholas, finding his prospects open with so fair an aspect, likewise opened a fund of good humour in his breast, which had been shut up many years by *avarice* and *suspicion*.

Riches being the *first* object of his love, the *second* his *nephew*, and the *third*, unnatural as this may seem to *some* parents, *his children*; the flattering hope he now had of uniting all these together, worked a most surprizing alteration in his temper.

Though a matter of mere indifference, *which* of his daughters should be the means of procuring his

his favourite alliance, *yet* he barbarously resolved, notwithstanding all his apparent good-nature, that, which ever of them was not the choice of Mr. Fortescue, should be ever obscured in her accustomed confinement, to enlarge the fortune of her sister.—He saw Eliza had engaged the heart of his *nephew*, and was so well contented in *this* discovery, that he did not propose pushing him on a *plainer* declaration, at least for some time.

Nothing could be more *cheerful* and more *harmonious* than our little *circle*, till the clock struck ten, when Sir Nicholas calling for pipes, and a fresh bottle of *Madeira*: the young ladies understanding the hint, retired to their apartment.—*Here* we shall leave *them* talking of
their

their *cousin's* improvements, which were indeed too visible for *less* penetrating observers to overlook, and return to the gentlemen below.

Sir Nicholas, taking up his pipe, presented another to the *Doctor*,—*both* began to fill them deliberately, —*both* lighted them at the same instant, whilst their young associate sat buried in a profound reverie, of no unpleasing nature.

Come, *Doctor*! cries the *Baronet*, filling out a glass of *Madeira*, Here's your health, my old *friend*, and I am glad to see you with all my heart.—The *Doctor* bowed his head.—

Ha,

Ha, my boy! striking Mr. Fortescue on the shoulder, where are your thoughts rambling?

Not from the *Castle*, I assure you, Sir, replied our *lover*, smiling.

By St. Jago! that's right,—give me thy hand;—faith, I *thought* as much.—Let me see, Charles, shaking the hand very heartily which he presented him; let me see; I think it was this *very* day three years that you set out on your travels:—what say you, Doctor, was it not this day three years?

The Doctor, after puffing his American perfume three times round the room, took from his mouth the *engine* through which it was conveyed, and replied *very* com-

composedly, *He verily believed not.*

—Damn your believes, Doctor, cried Sir Nicholas, (catching fire like a barrel of pitch,) what do you mean by your believes?—*I tell you it was this very day three years.*

Indeed, *good Sir*, again applying his lips to the *tube*, indeed you are mistaken.—

Why, you *preaching* puppy. *I say I am not mistaken.*—

Hold, Sir, said Mr. Fortescue, rising from his chair, you forget, Sir, the sacred function of *this* gentleman.—Zounds, boy, cried the enraged Sir Nicholas, will you side against me, too? hey-day, hey-day! I'm come to a fine pass, truly.—

Pray,

Pray, my dear Mr. Fortescue, said the worthy divine, do not incur the displeasure of Sir Nicholas upon my account ;—truly, I am a Christian, and can forgive,—yea, a greater injury than this.—Again, he composedly puffed his tobacco, and concluded with saying, Indeed, *good* Sir Nicholas, you are mistaken.

Hell and furies ! exclaimed the Baronet, I swear by St. Jago, I am not mistaken :—*Prythee* speak, Charles ;—*prythee* don't see me contradicted thus by *a parson* ;—was it not *this* day, this *very* day *three* years that you went abroad.

I will speak, *Sir*, returned Mr. Fortescue, reddening with vexation ; but pardon me if I speak to tell
you,

you, your treatment of Dr. Bentley, gives me pain;—I must not trust myself to hear *even you*, Sir, call him a *preaching puppy*; nor is the word *parson*, in my opinion, a less contemptuous appellation for so worthy a *pillar* of the church.

In the whole universe there was not another man who durst have said thus much to Sir Nicholas, without *sprawling* at his feet; yet so entire a dominion had this stripping gained over his surly disposition, that, instead of a blow, which would have sent him instantly *thither*, he replied in a voice one key lower than before,—Well, well; Charles, I shan't stand out with *you*, or the *parson*, for a name; so call him *Doctor* if you will;—but now answer me;—am I not right,
and

and was it not this day *three* years you sat out upon your travels with the *Parson*;—*Doctor* I mean?

Indeed, my dear *Sir*, it was *not*, replied the young gentleman, taking one of his hands, afraid, perhaps, what use he would put it to, if left at his own disposal.

Take care, take care, boy.

Give me leave, *Sir*, to bring you one instance that will explain the affair.

Explanations, if you will; but take care, I say; no *contradictions*;—speak now, but, by *St. Jago* I will not be *contradicted*.

Your

Your *command's* Sir, are, that I speak; thus then I obey *them*:— We left your house on my cousin Eliza's birth day, which happens on the first of June, and this, if you recollect, Sir, you will find to be the first of July.

The enraged *Baronet* could no longer restrain his anger from flaming out with such rapidity, as had like to have consumed every fond hope of the astonished Fortescue;—he dashed his pipe in a thousand pieces on the ground; and, forgetting his former extravagant fondness for that *young gentleman*, foaming with passion, he called him *villain, rascal, ungrateful bastard*, bidding him be gone, with his *parson*, that moment from the Castle.

Never

Never was a scene so much *reversed* from what it had been ten minutes before. — Sir Nicholas's good humour all turned to *rage*, — Mr. Fortescue's joy changed to *despair*, — Doctor Bentley's tranquillity was converted to the most uneasy apprehensions. — Not on his own account was he apprehensive, but for his dear *pupil*, whose heart he knew would break at the very thought of a separation from Eliza.

While Sir Nicholas traversed the room, his face inflamed with anger, his eyes glaring, his whole attitude menacing revenge, the Doctor took Mr. Fortescue apart, and begged he would endeavour to moderate the fury of his enraged *patron*; but the other, who could, on no consideration, *tamely* brook the

the indignant usage he had received, took the hand of his friend, and replied, casting a look of ineffable resentment at Sir Nicholas, Yes, we will go, Doctor Bentley,—we will leave this *inhospitable* mansion; I will never see it *more*.

Hold, sir, let me intreat you to be pacified.

No, Dr. Bentley! I will go,—the son of *colonel* Fortescue shall not be turned out from *this* or any *other* house like a base, a beggarly intruder.--Farewell Sir Nicholas, said he, accept what acknowledgements are your due for *past* kindness, but *remember* your *present* reception of me.

Saying

Saying this, he hastily left the room, without designing to look behind him, or without perceiving the *Doctor* had no inclination to attend him;—in fact, that *good man* knew Mr. Fortescue's heart better perhaps than he himself knew it, and resolved to stay, in hopes of reconciling matters between the exasperated Sir Nicholas and his heated *pupil*, whose interest was dearer to him than *any other* consideration.

We shall take this opportunity of leaving them together; the former, calm, unruffled,—the latter, swearing, foaming, stamping, in the most outrageous passion; and proceed with Mr. Fortescue, who had been bid to leave *Ivy Castle* in the rude manner we have already described;

described; let us, I say, proceed with *him* to see how *far* he carried his resolution of resenting so glaring an insult.

Alas! violent as his anger seemed going from Sir Nicholas, one reflection on *love* and his Eliza turned that *anger* almost to *madness*,—he cursed his folly, and could hardly forbear chastising it with *his* own hand.

A thousand times was he about to return and throw himself at the feet of Sir Nicholas, but a consciousness how much *even* in the eyes of Eliza such a mean submission would debase him, that design vanished.

He went to the apartment, which from infancy he had occupied, and ringing for his *servant*, ordered his horses to be got ready immediately, intending to leave the castle as soon as he had seen Dr. Bentley, and prevailed on him to stay behind, in order to console Miss Fairfax and his Eliza.

Whilst he waited, traversing his chamber in an agony not to be described, it occurred to him that he would make one attempt for an interview with his *cousins*, before he left them, perhaps, *for ever*; a bare possibility of such an event, worked him almost up to a state of distraction.

In this uneasy situation he went to the door of their *dressing room*,
gave

gave a gentle tap, and in a voice full of grief, desired admittance.

The *ladies* having changed their *rich* habits for *elegant* night cloaths, white and unsullied as their complexions, did not hesitate to open the door, hearing it was their *cousin* Fortescue who implored that favour, but when they saw him enter in tears, his expressive countenance fraught with unutterable anguish, both started as if they had seen a *spectre*.

Good God, cried Henrietta! good God, echoed Eliza! what strange affliction has happened?—what ails you, my dear *cousin*?—

I leave you, my dearest Henrietta,—I leave you, my adored

Eliza, replied he, tears interrupting his words,—I must see you *no* more,—your *father*, your cruel *father* will have it so,—by *him* I am banished from your presence,—by *him* I am driven from *Ivy Castle*.

Neither heard this last sentence distinctly,—Miss Fairfax, saw her sister falling to the ground, and ran to support her, whilst the frantic *lover* clasped them both to his bosom, crying out in a voice choaked with sobs, for assistance.

Ah, my dear children ! said the good Dr. Bentley, entering at that moment, I foresaw this affecting event, when Mr. Fortescue left Sir Nicholas, but thank heaven ! I have softened the heart of that gentleman,

tleman, and truly you have nothing *now* to fear from his obstinate displeasure.

This seasonable cordial was very happily administered to the drooping spirits of Eliza, and served also greatly to revive those of her disconsolate lover.

He caught the *Doctor* in his arms, called him his *father*, his preserver, and perhaps suffered as much from an extreme joy, as he had just done before from an excess of sorrow.

Dr. Bentley had found it less difficult than might have been imagined, or than he himself had first apprehended, to appease the angry baronet; a few concessions on the *Doctor's* part,

brought him to hear reason, and he began to be in as great an agony for fear Mr. Fortescue would go, as that gentleman was at the thoughts of going.

Henrietta and Eliza expressed great curiosity to know what had occasioned this terrible *fracas*, but the *Doctor* being impatient to see the peace he had begun, happily brought to a conclusion, requested they would defer this gratification 'till the next morning, to which they consented, and wishing them a good night, he drew their *cousin* from them, though not unreluctantly.

When Sir Nicholas saw Mr. Fortescue approach, he went to meet him, and taking him by the hand, said

said in his *rough manner*, what is past, Charles, I *heartily* forgive and hope *you* will do the same.

The other was not deficient in *concessions*, and Dr. Bentley received the thanks of both, for having accommodated matters between them.

I am now convinced, said the *baronet*, I was in the wrong.

Let me intreat, Sir, interrupted Fortescue.

No! no boy! I will *now* confess I have been in the *wrong*,—it was not *this* day three years,—but it was the first of *June*, as you said,—the *very* day on which our Eliza became fifteen.

Dear, dear Sir, replied he, his eyes dancing at the mention of his *mistress*, forgive *me*, pardon *me*, if I inadvertently offended, and let the dispute be no longer remembered.

With all my heart, Charles,—we are *both* obliged to this good *Doctor*,—*though* I did use him a little roughly,—*though* I gave him a disagreeable name, or so, yet he has performed *his* office,—he has made peace between *us*, or we might still have been *all in the wrong*, notwithstanding we owe no *ill* will to each other.

The young gentleman assented in the warmest terms, and our *Doctor*, better pleased than if he had been complimented with a bishopric,

ric, gratefully returned every expression of kindness.

Eliza's languid countenance, when she came down the next morning, spoke but *too* plainly the uneasy perturbations in which she had passed the night.

Though convinced by Dr. Bentley, no ill consequence would attend the unfortunate dispute between her *father* and her *lover*, yet the alarming situation in which she had seen the *latter*, together with the sudden shock of hearing he was to go from the *castle*, had so much discomposed her spirits, that her pillow yielded no refreshment.

Fortescue, when he perceived pale dejection had usurped the vermillion cheek of Eliza, felt deep concern,—my dearest *cousin*, my Eliza, said he, taking her unwilling hand; why this change of complexion?—why this gloom on the face of my *charmer*?

Alas! replied she, I cannot account for it, Mr. Fortescue, by any other method than supposing it to come from that terrible fright I sustained last night, when I thought you were going to leave us.

Amiable *innocence*! pressing the hand he held to his bosom, and am I then so *unhappy*? and yet so *happy* to occasion this alteration,—oh, my *life*, my *love*, my Eliza, smile again! resume your sweet cheerfulness!

fulness! or what will become of Fortescue?

Indeed, since you desire it, returned she sighing, I will, my dear *cousin*, try to throw off this load of something, — I don't know what to call it, but *this* I know, that it sets exceedingly heavy at my heart.

Thank you my dearest *angel*, cried the impassioned *lover*, for my sake you will throw it off,—how shall I repay such heavenly condescension?

Eliza's eyes were again beginning to sparkle, when the happy pair found themselves interrupted by the appearance of Sir Nicholas, Dr. Bentley, and Henrietta, who taking their places at the tea-table,

occasioned the conversation to become general.

After breakfast, Mr. Fortescue obtained permission of the *baronet*, who could now refuse him nothing he asked, to escort his *cousins* upon a walk to that *temple* in the *park*, with which our *readers* are not *entirely* unacquainted.

The ladies, who had met with *few* indulgencies of *this* kind, were delighted with their father's permission, thanked him *very* gracefully, tripped up stairs for their hats, cloaks, &c. and each supported by an arm of their enraptured conductor, sallied forth, leaving Sir Nicholas, and Dr. Bentley, rattling the dice, and as well pleased with one another, as two
men

men of *such opposite* dispositions could be.

Fortescue having led the lovely sisters through the most beautiful part of the *park*, at length conducted them to the *temple*, where being a little fatigued with their walk, they agreed for a few minutes to repose themselves, and being seated, he began to relate at the request of his fair companions the dispute which had like to have been so *very* fatal to his dearest expectations.

They shuddered, as he proceeded, and Eliza said, when he had done speaking, though Dr. Bentley is one of the *best* men in the world; the *best* may be sometimes liable to error.—Indeed, continued she, considering

sidering he so well knew my *father's* temper, I confess it is my opinion he was much to blame;—why would he push matters so far?—my father could never brook contradiction;—besides, the dispute was so trifling;—but, heaven defend me! how terrible *might* have been the consequences.

Let me add, my dear *cousin* Charles, said Miss Fairfax; let me add to what my sister has already observed, that I think you was not quite blameless.

I know it, I know it, my *charming monitors*;—I have had my punishment; a severe one *too*, I assure you;—I will never again deserve such another.

Gene-

Generously acknowledged, returned Henrietta, we may all thank heaven and Dr. Bentley, that it ended no worse.

My dear Miss Fairfax, said he, putting one arm about her waist, the other round Eliza, as he sat between them, Dr. Bentley, as my Eliza just now observed, is one of the *best* men in the world; but, from that *very goodness of heart* which he so eminently possesses, I have suffered one *irretrievable* loss, at least I fear it will prove *irretrievable*, he himself grieves at it, he tries to compensate for it by a thousand acts of tenderness, *I may say*, of fatherly affection.

Is it possible, said Eliza, you can have suffered so great a loss, my dear
cousin,

cousin, from a person whom you *still* continue to revere as if he was your parent?

Indeed, I confess it seems strange, added Miss Fairfax, will you not tell us, Mr. Fortescue, what your loss was?

A friend, a *sincere* friend!

How! Dr. Bentley robbed you of a friend?—a friend *too* whom you say was worthy of your friendship; pray be so good as to let us know how this happened.

I repeat, that the *goodness of his heart*, continued Mr. Fortescue, deprived me of *that* blessing;—yes, my more than sisters, you shall *not* command me twice,—I will tell
you

you the whole of this unfortunate event, that you may be able to reconcile it with your present favourable sentiments of Dr. Bentley.

That is very kind of you, said Henrietta,—I assure you my attention will not sleep, whilst you favour us with your recital.—

Nor mine, said Eliza, as long as my curiosity is so much awake as I find it at present.

About ten months since, proceeded Mr. Fortescue, at which time I happened to be at Paris, a young *English* gentleman, just arrived, introduced himself to my acquaintance, and soon, by his *personal* merits, established a firm place in my esteem.

After

After we were on the most friendly footing, Sir Stafford Dudley, which was the name of my friend, said to me these words, or something very like them :—*Now, Fortescue*, having gained the point I greatly desired, without climbing to it by the recommendation of *others*, I mean a place in your good opinion : I will *now* deliver you a packet from a person not dearer to *you* than to *myself* : I knew, continued he, the contents of this kind mandate was of no further consequence, than as they tended to exalt *me* to *your* friendship, which made me conceal it, and *even* that I had the honour to be known to *Lady* Jane Beaufort : my reason for this concealment, was no other than an ambitious wish of *deserving*, not of being

being fastened on your acquaintance.

Good heavens! exclaimed Henrietta, interrupting him, what a delicate deception! from what exalted motives!—and was *this* the man?—was *this* the friend Dr. Bentley robbed you of?

Patience, my dear Miss Fairfax, replied he,—I mean to conceal nothing from you.

My dear sister, said Eliza, don't let us break in upon my *cousin*:—Mr. Fortescue, we are all attention; pray go on.—

No terms could be warmer than those in which *Lady Jane*, who I shall never cease to honour, spoke
to

to me of Sir Stafford Dudley ;—*she* recommended him to my *tenderest* regard,—*she* said he was the most *amiable* of men ;—*she* said further, *she* should measure my affection for *herself* by the share I give in it to the *friend* *she* had sent me.

Oh, my revered *aunt* ! said Henrietta, what goodness of heart do you possess ? why are we not permitted to embrace you,—to fall at your feet,—to be called your children ?

Again, sister ! cried Eliza ! Lord, how little curiosity must you have, to be continually interrupting so interesting a story.

Charming Miss Fairfax, said Fortescue, your interruption is natural,

tural,—it is amiable,—so, my lovely Eliza, is your impatience; —I will not encrease it by another word foreign from my subject.

They were both pleased;—they both smiled, and he continued:

Lady Jane's letter served to cement our bonds of friendship in a manner so strong, so seemingly indissoluble, that Sir Stafford gave up the hotel he had hired for himself, and came to mine.

One table, one chamber, one set of servants, served for both, and Dr. Bentley's tenderness appeared divided equally between us.—

It was scarce two months since, when Sir Stafford, pretty late in the evening, returned from the
Duke

Duke *de Nemours*, as the Doctor and I were sitting alone together, and, though the most moderate man in the world, his senses were this night very unhappily obscured.

By what obscured? eagerly asked Henrietta.

Ay, pray, said Eliza, tell us by what accident this melancholy turn happened?

By swallowing too much destructive liquor, answered Mr. Fortescue, smiling at their inquisitive simplicity.

Bless me, said Henrietta, who had never before heard of this vice, of what a strange *phænomenon* do you tell us?—let me beg you will explain

explain *it*, or we shall not understand the nature of this *madness*.

Ah, my angelic *cousins*! replied he, *your* minds are pure as those of *angels*;—you know nothing of *vices* with which the *world* abounds;—*vices* destructive to *reason* and *virtue*: that in which Sir Stafford (I believe for the first time in his whole life) was *this night* involved, is of a *very* fatal kind.—It almost brings those infected by it, though gifted with a reasonable soul, and human form, on the lowest level of *nature*, inferior to the *brute* creation.

O God! cried Eliza, what a frightful *picture* have you drawn?—Well, I hope, if I ever marry, *my husband* will not be a *brute*.

For—

Fortescue, smiling, pressed her fair hand ardently to his lips, and then proceeded :

Notwithstanding Sir Stafford had been drawn in to drink more than he *could do* with *prudence*, yet he had *so* much command over himself, and was *so* much master of his *actions*, that, I protest to heaven ! I did not perceive the *least* alteration,—or I would have died rather than *act* as I did.

Dr. Bentley, as he has since acknowledged, saw *plainly* what had happened, and, thinking he performed *no more* than his *duty*, began a studied discourse on intemperance, which he handled with great severity.

Sir

Sir Stafford, who was conscious of his situation, and thought the *Doctor's* rebuke intended to affront *him*, gave some disrespectful replies, and regardless of all I could say, obliged him to quit the room.

Naturally warm, my temper caught fire at this insult offered to my *tutor*;—we fell immediately to altercations;—we were both warm; *he* maintained the *Doctor* to be an insolent old fellow, and *I* obliged him to draw;—that is, I compelled him, in defence of the *Doctor's* character, to kill *me*, or to be killed himself by *me*.

The ladies turned pale at this explanation,—they looked at each other with a kind of apprehensive

horror, but, impatient for the event, did not interrupt him.

Before, continued he, Sir Stafford would engage with me in the *manner* I wanted to engage *him*, he held out his hand, and desired I would give him mine;—I did *so*, though still flaming with resentment; and he said, whilst the tears stole down his cheek,—Fortescue, you use me ill!—I *will* fight you, but, *should* we both survive, you shall not repeat *this* unkindness; If I die, I forgive you; I forgive even Bentley, who occasions my death; who has *rudely* and *barbarously* insulted me.

As I did not then know the reason he had to apply to himself the *Doctor's* lecture on drunkenness, I
made

made but light of what he said;
—we fought; — *he* was the best
master of his weapon; — *I* was dis-
armed; — he generously returned
me my sword, with these words:

I will be still your friend, Charles,
but one nation shall not longer
contain us.

Immediately he rushed from the
room, — *he* quitted the *hotel*, and
what has since become of him *I*
could never learn.

Alas! what will Lady Jane say
to this? asked Henrietta.

Indeed, my dear *cousin* Charles,
said Eliza, both with their eyes
swimming in tears, I think I should
not have parted with him *thus*; was

you not too precipitate? but *then* you did not know how *unhappy* he was in his *intellects*.

I can neither excuse *myself*, or hope to be excused by *another*, replied Mr. Fortescue, — and, if I knew where to find Sir Stafford Dudley, though in the remotest corner of the earth, I would seek him out, and never leave him more till he had restored me to his friendship.

The dinner bell summoning them home, prevented any further conversation in the *Temple*.

The *ladies* wiped their eyes, and Mr. Fortescue also did the same, by a few generous drops which fell in memory of *his friend*.

Again,

Again, he inclosed the snowy arms of Miss Fairfax and Eliza, and proceeded back to the castle, in the same order they had left it.

Henrietta, as she passed the avenue, gave a tender sigh to the remembrance of a certain adventure already related.

If our readers are inquisitive to know *how* or in *what* manner Sir Stafford Dudley diverts himself whilst we are obliged to continue at Ivy Castle, where our attendance will be necessary some time longer, thus we answer their *inquiries*: Sir Stafford is set out for the seat of Lady Jane Beaufort, to consult with her Ladyship on divers matters of *importance*, and further, *we* inform them, he will not return

to Belmour-House till his presence *there* is indispensable.

Whoever has seen Eliza in the former part of this *history*, and found themselves pleased with her *natural innocent* liveliness, let them now turn aside from the *picture* we are going to reverse.

The earliest *roses* of the spring no longer laid open their beautiful foliage on her cheek,—the *lily* faded beside the stream, which her *eyes*, when unnoticed, perpetually supplied, and those *eyes* no longer danced to the harmonious music of a mind at ease.

An alteration so *sudden*, so *unaccountable*, spread a general alarm through the family.—Henrietta felt the
the

the most pungent concern, but the tender grief of Fortescue is not to be expressed.

Often they retired to consult together, *what* could occasion so cruel a *change*, and in *what* manner they might discover its source; she would now and then join them by accident in the midst of their consultations, and at *such* times affected a gaiety, her heart was far from feeling.

Henrietta, in the sorrow she experienced for her sister's malady, almost forgot her tender sensations for Sir Stafford Dudley, whose *image* she constantly carried in her bosom; but how was *that* sorrow increased, when Eliza's health and

strength began to waste with her spirits.

Mr. Fortescue appeared in a state little foreign from distraction; a thousand times did he throw himself at her feet, to intreat she would save his life, by discovering what secret cause she had for her disorder;—the only reply he could ever get from her, was to this effect:

My dear *cousin*, trying at a smile which sat reluctantly on her face, it pains me that I cannot tell you why I am miserable;—upon my honour, I am ignorant of the *cause*,—if I knew, you should not so often intreat me—upon my word, I would tell it you.

For-

Fortescue, torn to pieces with his agonizing apprehensions, prevailed on Sir Nicholas, but not without *tears*, and *even* threats of his own life, to call in a physician; nor was Eliza with less difficulty brought to admit a visit from one.

Dr. Bomer was at length sent for; *he* looked at his *patient*,—*he* examined *her* fainting pulse,—*he* shook his *head*, and protested *her* complaint was out of *his* reach; that it was fixed on the *mind*, and, if not *speedily* removed, might be attended with *fatal* consequences.

This assurance from Dr. Bomer, *whose* knowledge was well established, *whose* skill was undoubted, redoubled the consternation of Eliza's friends, and even Sir Nicholas,

las, contrary to his rough nature, condescended to use the *most* soothing expressions to *worm* the secret from her bosom.

Dr. Bentley reasoned with *her*, and called to his aid all the force that religion could bestow.—Henrietta intreated, *by the* fond affection of their youth, *by* their undivided loves, *by* the friendship of their riper years.—

Mr. Fortescue besought her, on the same occasion, *by* the sincerity of his adoration, *by* his distractive fears, *by* his fondest expectations.

Alas, for what did they intreat! she had *no* secret to impart, *at least* she was unconscious of having *any*,
and

and her only answers were *tears* and *sobs*.

At length, seeing it added to her melancholy, they gave over their solicitations, and every day increased the disorder under which she laboured.

Eliza was now confined to her bed, from the side of which it was scarce possible to drag the disconsolate Fortescue, or the weeping Henrietta;—*day* and *night* did they watch by her, each increasing the *other's* fears by communicating their *own*.

One day, after having observed a long silence, in which her eyes were alternately fixed on *her* sister and *her* lover, who were kneeling

by her, she said, in a faint voice,
Give me your hand, my dear *cousin*,
and give me *your's*, my *sister*,
my *friend*, my *Henrietta*, God
only knows how fondly my heart
acknowledges its attachment to you
both.

She took their hands, whilst
they sobbed aloud, pressed them
to her cold pale lips, and, with
the serenity of an *angel*, conti-
nued thus :

Do not weep for *me*,—I am go-
ing to be happy,—if you *love* me,
wipe away your tears,—you know
not *how* they increase my pain.

Oh, my Eliza ! tear not my soul
thus *cruelly*, said Fortescue,—you
must live for the man whose life is
bound

bound with yours *so* closely, that death shall not disunite them.

A faint gleam of joy once more kindled in the eyes of Eliza; she turned them towards him full of *languid sweetness*, and said, Do not talk thus,—you will make me *wish* to live; *that* cannot now be,—forget Eliza,—be happy with my beloved Henrietta.

Ah, if you wish not to see me expire at your feet, replied Fortescue, think not I will ever entertain a passion for *any other*,—no, even our Henrietta, our dear, our amiable Henrietta, *she* on whom I *doat*, as my *kindest*, my *best* sister, even she shall not supplant my Eliza;—no, my *love*, you are the *first*, the *last* in my affections.

My

My generous, *dear* brother, said Miss Fairfax, how very deserving are you of our Eliza;—live, my *dearest* sister, live to reward him.

The most successful son, of Æsculapius, never prescribed a cordial of such efficacy to a sinking *patient*, as this short conversation proved to Eliza.

Heavens! said she, raising her head from her pillow, whence is it that I feel this sudden ease?—methinks I am relieved from a *huge* weight, — the *whole earth* seems *this moment* lifted from my heart.

Never was *joy* so extravagant as what Fortescue and Henrietta betrayed, at seeing her revive in a manner

manner which they thought *so* perfectly miraculous.

Eliza felt a share in their transports, *again* her eyes sparkled, *again* life's crimson tide streaked her pallid cheek, and she declared she should now live to return some part of their tenderness.

This amazing change was soon proclaimed through the house,—the satisfaction became general,—not a countenance but proclaimed it:—Dr. Bentley wept with pleasure, and Sir Nicholas swore, he never remembered so joyful an hour in his whole life before.

We shall now leave this happy family, rejoicing in Eliza's restoration, to give a moment's peep in
upon

upon Lady Jane Beaufort and her visitor.

During the ten days that Sir Stafford Dudley was at *Beaumont Park*, Betty had been very punctual in transmitting every incident which had happened at the *castle*.

Notwithstanding the cause of Eliza's disorder had never been suspected by the *people* about her, because, *perhaps* as uninformed as *herself* in the occasion of it, *Lady Jane* now made the important discovery, and saw with pain that Eliza had in her disposition a spice of jealousy, which would infallibly make her unhappy, *unless* the cause was removed.

Her

Her tender heart, replete with a thousand excellenciës, bled for every pang the innocent Eliza suffered, *again and again* she examined Betty's last letter, in which she relates the conversation between *her young ladies* and Mr. Fortescue, with the sudden effect it produced on the spirits of Eliza, all which she had *heard* and *seen* from an adjoining chamber.

From this instant *Lady Jane's* suspicions were confirmed, and her *ladyship* sent immediately for Sir Stafford Dudley to her closet,—what will be the event of a *private* and *long* conference is not to be revealed at this time, at *present* we shall close the *scene*, and return to *Ivy Castle*.

Eliza,

Eliza, as she herself expressed it, now felt her heart relieved from a *huge* weight, but still she saw not the hand *which* removed it, neither did she perceive that her sisterly affection for Henrietta was blended with the *least* degree of suspicion, though indeed her innocent breast had long struggled with its alarming perturbations.

Having from infancy entertained the *most* tender passion for her *cousin* Fortescue, she cherished his *image* in her bosom, whilst he remained abroad, with a warmth, of which she herself was almost insensible.

In consequence of this delicate sensibility, which she *imperceptibly* encouraged, arose that *other* sensation,

sation, which had *very* near been fatal to her life.

During Mr. Fortescue's absence, she would often gaze on Henrietta, forget her *own* personal graces, and *unlike* many of her sex, yield to a *fancied* superiority,—we say *fancied*, for if there was *any* superiority of beauty, it was on the side of Eliza,—*she* perceived it not,—in *her* eye, Henrietta was more lovely, more *amiable*, more *deserving*, yet these advantages gave her no *mortification*, except the idea of Fortescue, started to her imagination,—then *it was* she saw him at the feet of her more charming sister,—then *it was* she sighed,—then *it was* she wished to excel in *every* thing that could engage and secure his heart.

Fortescue's

Fortescue's behaviour, after his return from *France*, was far from eradicating the deep rooted diffidence of his Eliza.

Though his whole soul was possessed by *her* alone, *his* endearments were *too* equally divided,—the *lover* and the *brother* were hardly to be distinguished,—with a hand of *each* clasping *his*, he would traverse the gardens,—he would praise them *both*,—he would take *both* on his knees,—and call them *both* by the fondest, tenderest appellations.

Eliza almost disregarded those careffes lavished on herself, whilst the slightest he bestowed on Henrietta, increased the disorder of her mind.

Long

Long she pined a prey to *secret* jealousy,—her torments were insupportable, yet she knew not the passion which excited them, and when reduced to the most extreme weakness, felt a kind of melancholy pleasure in reflecting that when *she* was dead, *her* dear sister would have it in her power to make her *still* dearer *cousin* happy; But ah! *you* who love truly, *you* who love like Eliza, guess at her transports when she found her Fortescue would receive *his* happiness only from *herself*.

After this sweet assurance, she felt her *spirits* revive, and *health* again began to approach her with *smiling looks*, but slow steps, the late ravage of *sickness* and *despair* having prevented *its* swift advances.

Eliza

Eliza was not yet enough recovered to leave her room, when it one day happened as she was engaged in a tender conversation with Henrietta and Fortescue, that fixing her fair eyes on the former, she said smiling, I have a request to make you, sister,—you *must* not deny me,—yet I am half afraid to name it,—I would not incur your *displeasure* for the universe.

There is no danger of my being displeased, returned Miss Fairfax, taking Eliza's hand,—do you think it possible, speaking to her *cousin*, that I should refuse this dear *girl* any request she should make, after the *obligations* she has laid us under, by striving against the force of her *cruel* disorder?

Fortescue

Fortescue with an inexpressible look of tenderness, was going to reply, but seeing the vermilion *lips* of his *mistress*, dividing with dimpled sweetness, he stopped short, and in silent raptures watched her harmonious voice, as it passed the *coral* gates.

And you *really* promise *me* then not to refuse any thing *I ask*,—I *fear* you will repent your *indulgence*, if I should so far incroach *upon it* as to desire a sight of that little jewel we picked up t'other day, in the *park*,—I want to shew it to my *cousin*,—I intend *he* shall oblige me with *just* such another pretty representation of himself.

Henrietta coloured excessively.

Nay,

Nay, my dear sister, observing how exceedingly she was disconcerted, you need *not* blush, you know we came *honestly* by it.

Hold, hold, no more, Eliza, I intreat you,—I positively *must* refuse what you ask.

But consider, *Madam*, said Fortescue,—you promised my Eliza not to refuse her,—for God's sake my dear Miss Fairfax, shew me this jewel, the fellow of which my *angel* will condescend to receive from *me*,—I *must* have the happiness to present it,—*will* you, *can* you rob me of a gratification so exquisite?

Ah! Eliza! what have you done, cried she with redoubled emotion,—

emotion,—indeed I cannot Mr. Fortescue,—I cannot find the *ring*,—I have *lost* it,—I know *not* where it is.

Lord, sister! what a bustle you make about a trifle, which you know we accidentally picked up from the grass;—come, *I beg*, *I pray* you will produce it,—indeed my dear *cousin* Charles, it is the prettiest *bauble* you ever saw,—upon my word you must see it;—my dearest sister, throwing her arms about Henrietta, come, come, I know you will oblige me!

Insinuating *girl*, replied Miss Fairfax recovering herself a little, and venturing to lift her bashful eyes from the ground, I find there is no resisting *you*, when *you* are pleased

to be importunate, but remember, whispered she, should you ever tell my *cousin* how I came by it, or *that* I have seen the person to whom it belongs, I never love you again.

Suspect me not, returned Eliza, in as low a voice, I would die rather than betray you.

Well then, said Miss Fairfax, to satisfy your curiosity, *Sir*, I will fetch the ring my sister talks so much of,—that *is*, added she, if I can possibly find *where* I have laid it, and away she tripped, though no further than just outside the door, where unhooking it from her *bosom*, she returned with it on her *finger*.

No

No sooner had Mr. Fortescue glanced his eye on the exact representative of Sir Stafford Dudley, than he started with surprize, *changed colour*, and cried out, great God! it is he,—I cannot be deceived! *this* is the man,—*this* is the friend I assassinated,—*this* is he whom I have *stabbed*,—cruelly, inhumanly *stabbed*.

Miss Fairfax hearing him exclaim *thus*, and interpreting his words in a *literal* sense, fell back in her chair, almost senseless, at which instant Sir Nicholas made his appearance, saying, the *Doctor* and he wanted a *third man* to help out their *bottle*, and dragged away Fortescue, before he could have

any opportunity of explaining himself to the *heart-bursting* Henrietta.

Miss Fairfax, as soon as her *father* was gone, gave unrestrained freedom to the violence of her sorrow.

She was certain the person for whom she *wished* to live, was no more,—she was certain he had been slain by the hand of her *cousin*, but smothered her resentment on account of Eliza's feeble situation.

She even pretended to believe what *the other* would fain have persuaded her to believe, that Fortescue was innocent, that they *must* have *misapprehended* his words, or *misconstrued* their meaning.

Eliza,

Eliza, though she strove to comfort her sister, was not free from the most alarming doubts,—Henrietta's misfortune, and what she must suffer, if the person she loved was *really* dead, were thoughts that infinitely distressed her, but a *bare* idea of Fortescue's being the *murderer*, drove her almost to madness.

Their bosoms were filled with the most racking suspense,—*their* tears flowed like two streams supplied from the same fountain, and meeting, mingled together.

They were in this desponding situation, *in vain* striving to console each other, when Betty informed them, Goody Wrinkle waited to speak with Miss Fairfax.

This visit from the *Sibyl* was not in the *least* unseasonable,—Eliza's countenance began to brighten up, and she cried out in a voice of the greatest eagerness go to her, my dear sister,—providence has sent her to remove all our doubts,—it is certain she has a good spirit that enlightens her,—go to her,—I am convinced she will clear the innocence of my cousin.

Henrietta staid not to be a second time intreated, but starting from her chair, flew to an interview, which seemed to her of more importance than a round of fashionable how d'ye's to the followers of fashion.

Is it thus, I see you, madam? said the *Sibyl* in a tone of surprize,

as she hobbled towards Miss Fairfax,—ah! weeping! and dejected! what *my child* has happened to distress you?

Henrietta only sighed.

Lay your heart open to me!—I come from your *tutelar* angel! whose care it is to guard *innocence*, and *purity* like *yours*,—*she* bids me tell *you* your trials are at an end,—*she* bids me lead *you* to happiness,—*she* throws the beams of joy, love, *content*, and *pleasure* round the path through which I am commanded to lead you,—confide in *me*, trust yourself to *my* direction.

At last, replied she, What happiness can there be in store for me?—*why* tell *you* of my despair,—*you*

already know it,—it is impossible *you* can be unacquainted with the cause of my tears,—I have no resolution, — I *sink*, I *die* under the weight of my afflictions.

This sort of harangue greatly disconcerted the *Sibyl*; she was affected by Henrietta's distress, and quite at a loss how to answer, being supposed to know *every thing*, yet conscious that she knew *nothing*.

After a moment's consideration, she said, Accuse not yourself, *my daughter*, with want of resolution, —let *reason* summon *it* to your assistance; —suffer *it* to blaze in your bosom, and it will soon disperse the cloud which seems to hang upon your mind.

Yes,

Yes, replied Miss Fairfax, I will *try* by what little strength of reason I have remaining, to invite it to my aid ;—*you* shall witness my *first* efforts.

Here, take this *ring*, continued she, tears streaming from her eyes, —take it away,—dispose of it as *you* please,—*take* it from *my* sight, —I must see it *no* more ; — whilst I indulge myself in looking on it, I cannot *cease* to weep,—I *cannot*, *cannot* forget him.—

As these words escaped her lips, she held out to Sir Stafford his own picture, which, when he saw, 'tis impossible to describe his agitation ;—he started back,—he gazed | at her in silent astonishment,—he

trembled :—he tried to speak, but could not articulate a syllable.

Indeed, said she, I *now* see the greatness of your concern for my *unhappy* destiny ; *do* not wonder at the sacrifice I make,—neither disapprove *it* ;—surely you would not advise me to keep a resemblance, which, whenever I behold, will tear my poor heart with the most torturing remembrance of its *lost* original ;—why do you tremble ? why shrinks your hand from what I offer ?—you know not the struggles it has cost *me* before I could bring myself to relinquish *it*,—do not retard my victory ;—assist ! support me ! or *my* conquest is yet uncertain.—

This

This was too much; Sir Stafford forgot his *assumed* character,—he caught her, with a frantic emotion, to his bosom;—a sigh, or rather groan, issued from it, that eloquently spoke his passion.

A *moment's* recollection convinced him of the absurdity into which he had been hurried;—he looked at Henrietta,—he saw her surprize,—he recovered his error, and cried out, retreating to a *more* respectful distance, Pardon, my dear daughter, the freedom of a transported wretch, who, though poor and miserable, does not want a soul superior to her fortune;—I could not witness your virtuous conflicts without wonder, without admiration;—I even at that moment regarded you as something *more* than mortal;
—my

— my *veneration*, my *tenderness*, made me guilty of an extravagance that *seems* to displease you;—forgive it, my excellent young lady, forgive it, I beseech you;—had you been less an *angel*, I should have been *more* myself.

Henrietta, quite satisfied with this apology, obliged her to sit; and, taking a place by *her side*, again renewed her former intreaties.

You will then, said she, no longer refuse to aid me in the struggles *necessity* obliges me to maintain against a *tender* and *powerful* inclination.

Command me, *madam*, returned the eager *Sibyl*, command to the utmost

utmost extent of my power,—I will *obey* you in every thing.—

Hide then this picture from my sight,—I dare not trust myself to keep it in my *own* possession;—I *must* try to forget the person I took it from.

And why, *madam*, is it necessary you should *forget*? can you not at least honour *him* with a place in your memory?

What! and, by thinking of him, make myself more miserable than I am already;—is he *not* dead?—is he *not* murdered?—alas! by whom murdered!—by the man I loved as my *brother*!—yes, Fortescue has murdered him!—did not this *innocent* portrait force from him

him the horrid truth!—how was his guilty face covered with confusion whilst he pronounced those words:—*This is the man,—this is the friend I assassinated,—this is he whom I have stabbed—cruelly, inhumanly stabbed.*

Having pronounced these last words, she threw a handkerchief over her face, and sobbed as if her heart was breaking.—

Sir Stafford was now no longer a stranger to the cause of Henrietta's affliction; he saw the whole transaction of the ring in as clear a light, as if he had at the very time been present.

He felt excess of pleasure, at finding the man, he sincerely loved,
still

still worthy his esteem; for, by the expressions Miss Fairfax had used, he plainly perceived Fortescue's regret at the part he had acted, was *more* than adequate to his offence.

If Sir Stafford's effusions of friendship were so *warm* and *animated*, what must be those of a softer passion, when the disorder of Henrietta discovered to him how *very* tenderly he was beloved.

Hardly could he support the conflicts of his joy on this occasion; —yet the thoughts of what she suffered, from a *supposition* she had entertained of his death, made him strive to conceal the glad emotions of his soul.

Being

Being several minutes absorbed in reflection, and raising a thousand schemes how to undeceive *her*, in a mistake so prejudicial to her *peace*, without giving her tender spirits a too sudden surprize, he at length started from a *profound* reverie, and, as if *that* moment enlightened by a *spirit of divination*, he spoke to her *thus*:

Comfort yourself, *madam*, something whispers me your *lover* is *not* dead,—fate has preserved him for greater blessings than *man* ever merited;—an *angel* shall be *his*,—he shall possess an *angel*.

Observing the countenance of his mistress betray certain tokens of astonishment, he took her hand, and said, with a greater degree of composure,

composure, No, my dear *daughter!* the happy *man* you lament is *not* dead;—providence reveals to *me* the whole of this mysterious affair;—wipe away your tears,—I will discover the *error* that deceives you.

Forbear to cheat me with *false* hopes, replied Henrietta,—I must not listen to them,—Fortescue himself told me he had *stabbed* him.

True he did *stab* him, said the *Sibyl*,—he stabbed him in the *most* tender part;—it was not a *bodily* wound,—it was given to *sincere* friendship.

And

And *is he still alive?—and is my cousin really innocent?* interrupted Miss Fairfax.

Satisfy yourself, *madam*, that I speak from unerring truth;—your *cousin Fortescue* is innocent;—that *friend*, the *friend* who is honoured with *your esteem*, will be *soon reconciled* to him,—you shall *soon see* them together,—he *shall adore you*; my *own soul* is not dearer to *me*, than you shall be to *him*;—ask no more, more I am not permitted to reveal.

Henrietta's raptures were too great for concealment;—she gave a loose to her transports, — she poured out a thousand grateful acknowledgments to heaven;—she flew to her sister's apartment, that she

she might participate of her pleasure, promising the *Sibyl* to return in a few minutes.

Eliza, owing to the agitation of her spirits combating with a weak body, had, soon after Miss Fairfax left her, sunk under a friendly depression, and perhaps was, when that lady came back, dreaming of her *cousin* Fortescue.

Henrietta finding her sister in a sweet repose, would by no means disturb *her*, and returned immediately to Goody Wrinkle, keeping the intelligence she had for Eliza, 'till a more convenient opportunity.

The *beldame* stepping forward, caught one of her hands as she entered, and asked with an air of the utmost

utmost impatience, if *she* had yet confidence enough in *her*, to submit implicitly to the directions *she* should advise her to pursue.

Henrietta answered in the affirmative.

Remember, my dear young lady, remember, continued the *Sibyl*, what it is you now promise *me*,—start not when I tell you that your *guardian angel* commands you to leave your *father's house*,—commands you to follow *me*, I who am old, decrepid, time worn; yes I am appointed your conductor.

Nothing could equal Henrietta's amazement, or concern, at hearing this unexpected sentence pronounced.

Ah!

Ah! replied she, trembling and pale with horror, what have *you* said?—*I* leave my father's house,—*I* follow you,—be *not* angry, *I* cannot, will *not* leave *it*,—to what a step would you hurry me?

Have patience my *daughter*, seeing how much she was discomposed,—though you have given me *your* promise, *I* will not force you to observe it,—you are *yet* free to *accept* or *refuse* my offer,—think not *I* would betray you to an improper action,—put yourself under *my* protection, and *with my life* I'll answer for *your safety*.

Never, never, never, said Miss Fairfax, more eagerly than before,—what have *I* to *fear* in company with my Eliza, and under the protection

tection of my *father*?—what to *hope* when deprived of my *companion* and my *guardian*?—say no more, I am resolved.

Forbear *protestations*, interrupted the *Sibyl*, against entering the road, providence has chalked out for you,—suppose your flight should be absolutely necessary.

How is that possible?

Why, *suppose* it necessary to the recovery of your sister's *health*, to the preservation of her *peace*, would you then hesitate?—

Even then, replied *she*, I should *hesitate*,—but this *cannot* be the case,—oh, no! she would rather *sink* under my absence *than* be relieved

lieved by it,—it is a *blow*, she would not be able to support.—

You are determined, then it seems, *Madam*, *not to go*,—not to trust yourself with me, said the *old woman* a little sternly, but know your sister's *malady* proceeds from a cause, which nothing but *your* absence can remove,—if you would effect *her* cure,—if you would secure the happiness of *her*, of *yourself*, of your *cousin*, you must *not* see her again 'till she is united to *him*.

Urge me no further, replied Miss Fairfax, I have *said*, I will *not* go,—be the consequence ever so fatal, I will not leave my *father's house*,—the step you advise is derogating from my honour,—*prudence* shall

shall be my *only* guide, if I once lose sight of *her*, even for a *moment*, I shall look upon myself as a creature *fatally* undone,—cease therefore to importune me.

Charming resolution! heavenly girl! said lady Jane Beaufort, bursting into the room just as she had done speaking,—how nobly have you stood your trial,—come to my arms my angelic *neice*,—*beloved lady* Fairfax!

Henrietta's joy and surprize at finding herself in the embraces of *lady* Jane, is not to be described, scarcely to be imagined.

She fell at her feet,—she kissed her hands, she exclaimed, Is it you *Madam!*—can *it*, can *it* be my dear
aunt

ount Beaufort!—am I permitted
thus to see you,—*thus* to pour
 out my full soul before you!

Rise, my *best* love, said her *lady-ship*,—we have not a single moment to spare,—you charm *me* more than I can express,—restrain *these* pleasing emotions,—let me carry you to a place, *where* I may fold you to my fond bosom, without fear of having you torn from me,—I come to take you from a scene of confinement, which the instance I have had of your *charming discretion*, convinces me has been ever unnecessary.

And *shall* I go with you, dear Madam?—*will* you allow me to attend *you*?—oh, I shall die with pleasure!

Vol. I.

I

Hark!

Hark! said *lady Jane*, what voice is that? it seems to be near this apartment; Ah heaven, my father! cried Miss Fairfax,—I must be gone, or he will come *hither*,—stay *Madam*,—for God's sake *stay* 'till I come back,—my dearest *aunt* do not leave *me*,—do not go without *me*.

Not for the world, my charming child.

Henrietta again kissed her hands, and flew out of the room, shutting the door after her.

You are a happy man Sir Stafford, forgive my vanity, said *lady Jane*, turning to him, but I repeat you are a *happy man* to have engaged

gaged the heart of this *lovely* and *discreet* girl.

I am sensible, *Madam*, of my felicity, replied he, I am *also* sensible of the vast obligations I owe your *ladyship*,—never can I deserve the *one*, or return the *other* in adequate proportion, of this *too* I am sensible,—your *nephew* *Madam*, and the *husband* of my *Henrietta* should be the *most* conspicuous of mankind,—what have *I* to make me worthy of those envied titles?

You have the best heart in the world, replied *lady Jane*, to merit *them*, a heart that not only demands in exchange one as valuable from my *neice*, but renders you as dear to *me*, even as *that* beloved child of my bosom.

Sir Stafford's gratitude was not confined to words, and Henrietta entering at that instant, found Goody Wrinkle at the feet of her aunt.

Having no conception that *one* soul could inform *two* bodies, bodies too of so different a texture as that of an *elegant young man*, and a *withered old woman*, she started at the sight, but lady Jane taking her hand, said to her with a smile, this good *creature*, my dear, pointing to the *Sibyl*, who has been *my* agent, and without whose assistance I should never have come *hither*, has handsomely refused since you left *us*, the gratuity I offered, and when I *forced* it upon her, I could not prevent her, *old* and *infirm* as she

she appears, from thanking me on her knees.

Miss Fairfax, with inimitable sweetness, was turning to address the supposed *sincere*s, when lady Jane thus prevented her.

Excellent woman, having brought me to the arms of my *neice*, I have at present no further service to request of *you*,—but come and see us at *Beaufort Park*, you shall meet a *warm* reception,—withdraw not *your* protection from this sweet child,—think with *yourself* what will best secure *her* happiness, and do not suffer her to languish in *suspense*.

Henrietta, who thought this tender charge proceeded from her

aunt's confidence in the *magic* skill of Goody Wrinkle, felt a pleasing sensation at her heart.

Ah, whispered she with a sigh! you *will* not forget me,—you *will* see me soon again.

Forget you, no, my honoured young lady! then turning to *lady* Jane, if I do not *Madam*, said he, on *all* occasions consult the felicity of *this* fair excellence, may I be expelled from *heaven*, after having tasted *its* most pure joys, *its* most *supreme* delights.

As he said *this*, he felt his trembling hand, gratefully pressed to the soft lips of his *mistress*, and unable to support *calmly* his pleasing emotions from an action so endearing,

dearing, he took a precipitate leave
and *bobbled* from the room.

Come, my *love*, said *lady* Jane,
it is time too that we should leave
this place,—my coach waits at the
bottom of the *Park*,—I should
rejoice to embrace my *other* trea-
sure,—we shall *soon* again return to
our Eliza,—*she* by that time will
be *happy*,—you, my dear, shall
not be less *so*.

Come, come, Henrietta, seeing
her about to speak,—I know what
your grateful heart feels, but *let*
us *not* now waste another moment,
let us get to our coach, and my
dear *girl* shall not again be in-
terrupted.

Miss

Miss Fairfax unreluctantly obeyed,—they slid softly down the back stairs, Betty attending, who returned to the castle, after seeing them safe to their carriage, and giving orders to the coachman to drive with all expedition to *Beaufort Park*.

Considering the tender affection, which from early infancy had warmed equally the breast of Henrietta and Eliza, it may appear rather a breach of that affection in the *former*, to leave *so* dear a sister just recovering from a dangerous fit of sickness, especially as she *seems* to have done this without so much as acquainting her that she had put herself under *no* improper protection.

To

To clear the conduct of Miss Fairfax from a *false shade*, and to wipe from it any causeless aspersions, we think it highly incumbent upon us to inform our *reader* of the following particulars.

When Henrietta left her *aunt* with the *Sibyl*, to attend her father, she found him returned to the parlour, and going immediately to Eliza's chamber, made a full discovery of all that had happened, not *only* receiving her sister's *consent* that she should go with *lady* Jane, but also an assurance from that young lady that nothing but the innocence of her *cousin* Fortescue, which was now so eminently cleared, could give her equal joy with this unexpected event,—a thousand times did *they* embrace,
and

and *both* dropping on their knees, implored the blessings of heaven on [*each other*, and on their *second* mother lady Jane Beaufort, who though Eliza longed to see, she would not venture to hint it, lest her *ladyship's* inclinations to indulge her with a visit, should be fatal to their intended purpose.

My dear Henrietta, said Eliza, *should* my *aunt* hear that I know she is in the house ; should she come to my *chamber*, she may very probably be surprized by my *father* ; he will be very angry, and, no doubt, frustrate her kind intentions of taking you hence ;—perhaps in the *great* world, to which you are going, you will find the man, destined to make you as happy as I shall be with

with my *cousin* Charles. *Adieu*,
my dearest sister!

Adieu, my dearest Eliza!

Again they embraced. We part
but for a little time; assure your-
self I will soon return to you.

This short scene will, we hope,
convince the *most* scrupulous with
what affectionate hearts the charm-
ing sisters separated.

Lady Jane, when Miss Fairfax
told her she had made a confidant
of her sister, which was *not* till *af-*
ter they had left the *castle*, did not
appear at all *displeased*, as it shewed
the sincerity of their attachment to
one another; and Henrietta had
the pleasure of hearing her lady-
ship declare, Eliza was equally
dear

dear to her, but that she had very *particular* reasons for dividing them at present. And this, continued she, I have done with *less* repugnance, being well assured that, in Fortescue's passion for *her*, and his ever tender assiduities, *she* will not miss of consolation.

The End of the First Volume.